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THE PUBLICATION OFFICE OF "VANITY FAIR" HAS BEEN REMOVED TO THE NEW AND SPACIOUS BUILDING,

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BETWEEN ANN AND BEEKMAN STREETS, NEW YORK.

VOL. 6. NO. 134.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 19,

1862.

FERNANDO WOOD,

IN HIS FAMOUS RÔLE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY
FOR
SEPTEMBER,
1862,
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DAVID GAUNT. By the author of "Life in the Iron Mills."
CEREBRAL DYNAMICS. By Isaac Ray, M. D., Superintentendent of the Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.
A NEW SCULPTOR. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
PLAYS AND PLAY-ACTING.
OFF SHORE.
LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR. By the late Theodore Winthrop.
RIFLE CLUBS. By H. W. S. Cleveland.
TWO SUMMERS. By Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
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METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By Louis Agassiz.
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TECHNICALITIES NOWHERE.

Augustus.—"Look, Aunt, here is the plan of the operations. This is White Oaks; here we have Seven Pines, and now I will show you the General's Base-Line."

Aunt.—"Oh! never mind his base-line: what I want to know is, which side whipped!"

Singular Misapprehension.

Since the news of General Butler's operations with regard to Vicksburgh, a good many amusing *canards* in connection with the subject have been flapping round among the *gobemouches*. The funniest mistake in the matter that we have yet heard of, though, was that made by an intelligent French gentleman of this city, (not contraband.) This gentleman, whose political platform is that France is going to walk into England before long, screamed with ecstacy when he heard that Vicksburgh is to be made an inland town. He assumed, you see, that "Vick's Burgh" is only a playful quirk upon "London," and that England's Queen had ordered her chief city to be handspiked further up into the rural districts, out of Louis Napoleon's way.

"Accordin' as you Pronounce It."

Fitz Boozey, who in a certain stage of julep has a decided lisp, was present, in that specific condition, recently, during a heated argument in our sanctum on the antiquity of the genus "blower" or "braggadocio."

Suddenly, "I thay," exclaimed F. B., wildly arousing, "there'th no mythtery 'bout the thing, ath I thee; the firtht 'blowerth' are menthioned in the Bible: they were the men of Gath! Leth have 'nother julep!"

"Our Sentiments, Precisely."

Jenks is anxious to declare that although there may be a "shamrock" in the "arms" of Ireland, there is nothing but "the *real grit*" in the arms of her brave sons who fight under our glorious banner.

The Con. Conchological.

Why is a Java Snail like a Parrott gun?
He carries a Conical Shell!

FAITH THAT MOVES (THE DEPARTMENT OF THE) MOUNTAINS.

A person writing to the *Daily Times*, under date of June 28th, makes the following curious statements about General Fremont's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley:

"*Secondly*—Gen. Fremont has had but about 9000 effective men. He was sent to the Mountain Department at a time when but little was doing there. . . .

"Gen. Fremont telegraphed the President that his men needed rest; that the Surgeon-General of his command reported officially that his men must have better diet; that he had taken a fair position; that his men were doing well, and that by the end of ten days he would have gathered in from all quarters his convalescents, and that the number of effective men would be 30,000—well supplied with artillery and ready for any work."

If this does not show good generalship, we would like to know what does. We have great faith in General McClellan, but never, in our moments of wildest enthusiasm even, have we imagined him equal to the task of tripling the number of his army by "gathering in from all quarters his convalescents." Let us shut up the recruiting-offices and send the sergeants into the field at once, and let this person—who signs himself "A Believer in Fremont"—be detailed to assist that General in the task of "gathering in convalescents" until our National Army shall reach the splendid figure of One Million. It is as "easy as lying," we judge, and not very unlike it either, perhaps.

We hope this person will continue to write letters to the *Times*, but in future it would be well for him to change his signature to "A Believer in Fremont and Miracles!"

HALLO, UP THERE!

A paper published at Red River settlement, a district north of Canada, even, if you can imagine such a position, goes in strong for annexation to the United States. Come down the North Pole first, Red River, will you—we can't half hear what you are saying up there!

GLORIA NOBIS!

Vanity Fair, albeit a very accomplished musician, does not frequently perform in public upon the self-gratulatory ophicleide. A little solo upon it now and then, however, may charm, and here goes for one. Read the following:—

"Bounty to Volunteers.—The following order has been issued from the War Department:

"'It is ordered that out of the appropriation for collecting, organizing and drilling volunteers, there shall be paid in advance, to each recruit for three years or during the war, the sum of twenty-five dollars, being one fourth the amount of the bounty allowed by law, such payment to be made upon the mustering of the regiment to which such recruit belongs, into the service of the United States."

The source of the above is a remarkably pure one—a well of truth, a very fountain of sagacious virtue. See what Vanity Fair suggested, as long since as last October. We quote from No. 94 of that spicy journal. The recommendation was printed in small capitals, but we, with characteristic modesty, are contended to reproduce it in unobtrusive nonpareil:—

"Let the Government advance to every married man Fifty Dollars, or one half the bounty, to be paid over to his wife or other person duly authorized to receive it, immediately upon his being mustered into the service."

It argues a very proper sense of duty upon the part of the Government, that our directions have been so properly carried out. Such a Government ought to and must be supported.

Don't All Speak at Once.

The rebel General Lee brags that he and Stonewall Jackson "turned McClellan's right wing."

Out of this arises a question which might afford some light and easy employment to our debating societies, namely—"Who turned Santa Anna's left leg?"—which, as some of our readers will recollect, is a wooden one.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR VANITY:—Me and McCLELLAN has got a new water-base, and things are going on all right.

. . . Keep dark.

The enemy met us in superior force, as usual.

We repulsed him at all points, and retreated towards Richmond, extending our lines to within a rod or a rod and a half of the city.

The Rebels made a furious attack upon our position in the Chickahominy swamps, and took every thing they found there. . . .

They didn't find any thing there.

They then pushed on, and after a desperate struggle—through the swamps—they succeeded in reaching the White House, killing and capturing all the soldiers in the place. . . .

There weren't any soldiers in the place.

On this, they attacked the rear of my Army, still retreating and rapidly nearing Richmond.

Here they took all they could get.

. . . It was a thrashing.

I rode, dear VANITY, upon a little dapple-gray cock-horse, the gift of LOU. NAPOLEON. I rode at the head of my troops, with a rose in my mouth, occasionally humming the Halleloolyer chorus or swearing at my staff. I am an awful fellow, I tell you. We newspaper correspondents always are.

. . . And the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, too.

When I came near enough to see the white of the enemy's eyes I fired.

The enemy then executed some very fine manœuvres.

FREMONT wasn't there. He is residing, I believe, in Nineteenth street, in your city.

. . . And all is for the best.

My poor Eleventh Regulars were all cut to pieces, though they fought like men and soldiers, every one of them. Brave boys! They were the 'Leven that saved the whole lump.

I just now overheard an odd conversation between two officers of my staff. One is a young Lieutenant of Light Quadroons, who was with me in Italy. The other isn't.

"When the enemy made his first attack," remarked the young Lieutenant, "I was with the General on a hill. The shot came very close, and I turned to MCARONE. . . ."

"Turned to maccaroni, did you?" broke in the other; "you don't say so! Well, do you know, I felt, just then, as if I was turning to milk and water!"

. . . He is an Abolitionist.

I have established myself Censor of the Press, here on the Peninsula, for the present. I cannot, therefore, permit myself to give you any reliable information of events here.

I am, however, enabled to state without danger, that there was some very good fighting done by General WASHINGTON, in the Revolution.

The following correspondence has been sent me by a friend at Newbern, and occasions considerable amusement among my officers. I, myself, have not disdained to smile at it:

I.

"NEWBERN, April, 1862.

"*To the Editor of the* ———:—Dear Sir—Permit me to state, through your columns, that Governor STANLY, of North-Carolina, is, in my opinion, a rascal, a worthless person, a charlatan, and totally unfit for his place, or the society of decent men of any color. He has systematically broken up my schools for the poor Negro, captured the slaves I way trying to keep from their owners, bullied, badgered, and baited me, enforced the Rebel laws of the State, and played the d—l generally. This is a plain statement of facts, which I know to be true. VINCENT COLYER,

"Superintendent of the Poor African."

II.

"NEWBERN, June, 1862.

"*To the Editor of the* ———:—Dear Sir—Permit me to state, through your columns, in accordance with the request of His Excellency Governor STANLY, that I wish it distinctly known that I grievously misunderstood His Excellency. My opinion is that His Excellency is an upright and excellent ruler. He has never interferred with or obstructed my schools nor meddled with fugitive slaves. He only intends to do his duty, and never enforced a Rebel or doubtful law of any State. This is a plain statement of facts, which I make with the greatest pleasure and alacrity. VINCENT COLYER,

"Superintendent of the Poor African."

. . . The origin of this correspondence, with its beautiful *diminuendo* movement—beginning with any thing but a Dim inuendo—is not known here. It is, however, looked upon as an indication that We have A Government.

I say, dear VANITY, just wait till I get my gunboats up here, and you will see something. If the Rebels have a Darling down below, yonder, so have I—the *Monitor*. When she comes up here, Richmond is a conquered city; and I am, MCARONE.

McCLELLAN TO HIS ARMY.

JULY 4, 1862.

SOLDIERS—whose mighty toil
On this benighted soil
Late thrilled the sainted heroes of the world—
Who have the heart defied
Of fierce Satanic pride
And all its maddened thunders backward hurled!

No rapt historic page,
Where men like gods engage,
Too lofty were to celebrate your fame:
Here, in Destruction's face,
You nobly took your place,
Nor, fighting ever, did one deed of shame.

Ten nights did red-eyed MARS
With fury hide the stars,
That men might dream there was no other god:
Ten days innumerous hosts,
Moving as swift as ghosts,
Your anguished guardian angels overawed.

The thing most desperate,
When trembles breathless Fate,
O'er weakened armies matched with mighty foes—
That thing was yours to do
With valor ever new,
Though never strengthened by unvexed repose.

With kingly fortitude
And quenchless vigor rude
You backward turned to meet the lightning shock;
Then, with the foe at bay,
You kept your chosen way,
Anon to show again your front of rock.

Before your iron blast
The mad foe melted fast,
And all his art and numbers naught availed:
You reached your haven far,
And, under Fortune's star,
Your precious trains of stores had not one failed.

Strong and subordinate,
New conflicts you await
With cheerful hearts and souls alive with hope;
More surely dark defeat
The enemy shall greet
If now he rashly dare with us to cope.

Stronger we daily grow;
And let them *this day* know
Their Capital ere long shall surely fall:
So may they quickly turn,
For they will surely learn
The Union must be kept, in spite of all.

A REMARKABLE QUOTATION.

A VERY curious illustration of the famishing state of things in Richmond is furnished by recent market quotations from that quarter. It is stated, for instance, that "snap-beans" are five dollars a peck at Richmond; the only parallel to which that now occurs to us is the ancient tradition about "potatoes and point," which tells us how, in times of famine, a single herring was suspended in the centre of the the family circle, so that the festive party might enjoy the imaginary delights of a fish dinner by pointing their little potatoes at it. But that was sheer gluttony compared to the stinted pleasures of the table at Richmond, where it appears that the epicurean Reb. is obliged to fork out a Confederate V. for a Peck at a "snap-bean."

Snow Confectionery.

"HE is much altered," remarked ORSON, alluding to the Old Beau; "Time has given him a punch on the head."

"Yes," replied VALENTINE, "and a Milk Punch at that, else am I no judge of color."

DISAGREEABLE FOR JONES, WHO HAS JUST GONE THROUGH A "DEPORTMENT" COURSE, WITH A VIEW TO ACQUIRING THE ART OF SALUTING GRACEFULLY.

CHANDLER.

WHO is this CHANDLER—inquisitive wretch!—
Who clamors so loud and so long
For papers and letters,
And bothers his betters—
Insisting that somebody's wrong?

Who made him Senator—dignified name!—
And sent him to Washington,
Bawling and brawling,
Disgracing his calling
In light of the mid-day sun?

Why should our country—blest and beloved!—
Suffer her secrets of State
To open so easy
To CHANDLER the greasy—
While the wheels of Government wait?

Why should MCCLELLAN—noble and brave!—
Be questioned, and published, and scourged,
By any weak driveller—
Inquisitive sniveller—
And no objection be urged?

Are our Flag and our Union—ineffable pair!—
Always to tremble so low
That any old stupid—
Blinder than Cupid—
May shatter them both at a blow?

If the Country's embarrassed—idea how sad!—
It isn't by efforts of arms:
But by certain suspicious
Old stupids officious,
Like CHANDLER, all fears and alarms!

Adding Insult to Injury.

REPORTING a race in several Heats, with the thermometer in a state of rabid paroxysm.

PURITANICAL PABULUM.

BOSTON is taking a high position among tabernaculous towns. There is a fine gloomy sentiment pervading Boston, under the influence of which the people of that cherubic and chowdery city are continually devising little surprises with a view to discountenancing all carnal things, and putting a serious construction on what mere worldly people are accustomed to consider the enjoyments of life.

The latest little novelty in that way that has come to us from Boston, is the production of an evangelical baker of that city, who is now supplying a religious society there with a very superior article called "Gospel Crackers." These crisp articles of food exhibit, superficially, the characteristics common to the profane cracker usually associated with fluids of an exhilarating description. They appear to consist of flour and water, are tasteless, yet toothsome, and may be further described as vapid. But they possess this advantage over the wicked, worldly cracker, that each of them is stamped with a religious text or moral sentiment. The one kindly forwarded from Boston for our inspection, for instance, stared us piteously in the face as we were about to shiver it with our fist, and invited us, per stamp, to "Come to Glory." As we were just going to Cremorne at that moment, however, we could not avail ourselves of the hint, which, doubtless, was well meant, though, from our natural perverseness, we "didn't see it."

We are afraid that these crackers would not be a very marketable commodity here in New-York. The average citizen of Gotham cannot compete with his Boston brother in the Serious-Family line of business, nor does he want to interfere with him in it. But, as we are somewhat diffident in forming any opinion upon a subject with which we are not thoroughly acquainted, we decided to apply to our chief baker for his advice with regard to the introduction of Serious Crackers into our hotels as refreshment. That eminent artist's decision in the matter was pithy and to the point. Says he: "Them Bosting gimcrackers ain't nothing what they're cracked up to be, and you'd a better believe it; but I'll tell you what, just wait till I produce my Jolly Crackers, with sech motters as 'Take some Sherry with Me' stump on to 'em, and see if Bosting don't keep running upon me for 'em at the rate of fifty barls a week!"

So that our chief baker doesn't seem to have such a bad opinion of Boston, after all.

A DRY SUBJECT.

WE have become partially hardened to miraculous innovations—such, for instance, as skating upon Brussels carpets in the dog-days, and vulcanite jewelry; but here comes along a Professor who staggers us. The speciality of this advertiser is that he professes to teach "swimming in the parlor." He has invented an apparatus, he tells us, by which it is "possible to execute the motions for swimming in the parlor without any trouble. In this way the entering of the water into the mouth, nose, and ears is to be avoided, which makes the breathing tight and prevents the free motion of the body, and also the molesting and time-taking method to learn swimming in the water is avoided."

There is another thing "to be avoided" in the same connection, and that is the sheer swindle projected in the advertisement from which we have culled. Unless the Croton reservoir bursts, and deluges our dwellings, we don't see how or why the art of natation is to be learned in the parlor; though we agree with Professor CRAPAUD that the manly exercise of swimming upon dry land is extremely conducive to the exclusion of water from the mouth, nose, and ears. The billows off Coney Island have a much heavier pile on them than any Brussels carpet Professor CRAPAUD ever breasted with buoyant chest; and it will be well for all who desire to keep their heads above water, to follow rather the "molesting and time-taking method" recommended by tradition, than risk going to the bottom should they find themselves in real water, with nothing but a Parlor Swim to depend on for a living.

The Senate on Fancy Perfumery.

THERE has been a warm debate in the Senate at Washington on the merits of the negro as a warrior. One honorable Senator—Mr. WILSON, we think—applied the expression "rose-water warfare" to the existing state of things in the field.

Look here, now, Honorable WILSON, don't you think a large additional supply of the perfumery to which you refer will be necessary, should the aromatic African be mustered into the service by his anxious and perspiring idolizers?

It might be a proper subject of inquiry whether some of the Honorable Instigators of the Black Warrior are not largely interested in the manufacture of deodorizing fluids.

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

DEFIANT EXPRESSION ASSUMED BY MASTER FREDDY, ON BEING REQUESTED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC OPERATOR TO "LOOK HIS PLEASANTEST."

Before Richmond.

LIKE a vast bow of iron, toughly bent,
Round the doomed city arching many a mile
Hot with the fire of terrible intent,
Yet nobly calm and resolute the while,
They stand—true men—the bulwark of our time,
And in all after-time to be revered,
Who, beating back the baleful, treasonous Crime,
To peril all have faltered not, nor feared.
God's blessing on them! and on him, their chief,
Great-hearted gentleman, whose single aim,
Despite the taunts of envious disbelief,
Is but his country's safety, and her fame!
Brave host! brave captain! good and glorious cause!
Be victory yours, and all the world's applause!

WILLIAM WINTER.

IN THE DARK.

We're in the dark,
And not a spark
Of light will STANTON give us;
News true and fresh
Gets all secesh,
While humbug yarns deceive us.
All STANTON hides
To Richmond glides,
To fill secesh diurnals;
And patriots true
Their news get through
JEFF's better-posted journals.

ENAMELLED LADIES.

IN London, when a lady of fashion gets out of repair, she sometimes has herself enamelled. The process, according to one Madame RACHEL of that city, who practises the art of exterior rejuvenation, makes a faded beauty look rather better than new. It costs money, however—the price charged for tinkering up a dilapidated belle, wife, or widow, being from one hundred and sixty to one thousand guineas. The *London Herald* has a rich report of a case in which one Captain CARNEGIE, of the British Navy, and heir to a peerage, was sued for £928 5s., for repairs done to his lady's face, neck, and bosom, by Madame RACHEL. The beautifier was nonsuited, and the repaired lady got her improvements for nothing. Numbers of ancient and withered female members of the English aristocracy are (if Madame's evidence is to be credited) modernized by the enamelling operation. The preparations used, and the modest compensation demanded for turning a collapsed Coquette into a velvet-skinned Venus, are thus set forth in the Artiste's advertisement, published in the *London Court Journal*:

"YOUTH and beauty, Alabaster powder and the magnetic rock, dew water from Sahara, Circassian bloom, Arabian soaps, and alabaster liquids. These costly preparations, which render the hair, teeth, and complexion beautiful beyond comparison, can be obtained only from Madame RACHEL. Madame RACHEL, in answer to numerous inquiries, begs leave to say that her fees are as follows: For enameling a lady, 160 guineas and upward; for attending a lady for a ball or party, without enameling, 5 guineas."

The only enamelled lady VANITY FAIR ever had the privilege of beholding was the so-called "Miss COUTTS," the lady who was crazily enamored of MARIO, and who came within an ace of being pitched into the Atlantic by "the magnificent GRISI," on her voyage to this country. If she was a fair specimen of the renovating art, V. F. cannot conscientiously advise any American lady, whose bloom may have been blighted, to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of availing herself of Madame RACHEL'S artificial fountains of rejuvenescence. It won't pay.

NOT IN THEIR LINE.

THE late invitation extended by the "City Fathers" to THURLOW WEED—which invitation they were so determined on, (for their own reasons, we presume,) that they repassed their Resolutions over the Mayor's Veto—didn't result in the general blow-out hoped for by those gastronomic officials. We extend to them our sympathy and condolence—all the more heartily since we had hoped to be invited to help to entertain the City's guest, and air our own consequence at the same time.

THURLOW winds off his capital letter of thanks with a hint which, had *we* been one of the Committee, we should have considered unpleasantly superfluous and cavalier. Not having been one of the Committee, however, we must say we have rioted and made merry over that hint, in a way which, we fear, would have conveyed to them an impression of our honest opinion—which is too uncomplimentary to be mentioned. It must have been about as welcome as a dose of medicine to a child who had expected bon-bons. Hear him:

"In declining the hospitalities which your resolutions contemplate and your Committee tender—though your own generous sympathies need no prompting—permit me to suggest that the city's good cheer be reserved for and dispensed among the survivors of the gallant men who uphold the cause of the Union in sanguinary battles, with a steadiness and heroism which entitle them to our affection and gratitude."

A thought strikes us. Perhaps, even in *this* line of business, our Aldermanic friends may perceive a few promising elements of humbug. Let them, in that case, swallow the ungracious pill of Doctor WEED, and prepare for operations in the extensive field he has recommended.

"AY, THERE'S THE RUB."

A PHILANTHROPIST, with hydraulic tendencies, has addressed a very sensible letter, through the columns of the *Daily Times*, to our soldiers, on the subject of bathing. Some of his suggestions, however, lack freshness. He says, for instance: "I have known even a piece of brick advantageously used as a substitute for a brush." We, ourselves, for the last ten years, have used bricks as a hair-restorative. As a tooth-brush a brick is invaluable, at once economical and effective, removing not only the tartar on the teeth, but the teeth themselves, which is a great *desideratum*.

This observing writer in military hygiene very truthfully remarks that too much water, or, rather, an injudicious use of it, is bad. That is just why *Père* BUTLER took its little Mississippi away from that naughty Vicksburgh. Farther on our friend becomes light and spirited, and indulges in the following paragraph:—

"If no soap is to be had, use at least the brush; if no brush, use flannel. Let soldiers rub one another. It is a refreshing, jovial occupation."

It am.

GULLIVER ERICSSON,

WALKING OFF WITH THE WOODEN WALLS OF THE EUROPEAN LILLIPUT-OUTS.

CHANGE DESIRABLE.

HOWEVER unpleasant it may be to our feelings, we cannot refrain from characterizing the hoarders of specie at this crisis as pustules upon the social cuticle. To eradicate them altogether, and bring their hard-cash boxes to light, were an achievement on which to found a family scutcheon, build a new theatre, purchase the position of sutler or brigadier, or start a hotel. We should prefer the latter in this weather, owing to the facilities afforded by it for slaking thirst at first cost. As it is, we have to purchase the necessary fluid with a dirty bit of blue pasteboard, representing the dear, delectable, departed dimes. This is ignominious, but we suffer in the cause of our country.

It is as well for the public to be on their guard respecting this no-change crisis. We must know exactly with whom we are dealing, ere we rashly venture a quip upon the fact of the unfestive ticket-for-soup tendered to us by the porous money-taker in the caloriferous restaurant. But yesterday we cast our little jest upon the counter, where it stuck fast, nailed by the glowering eye of the dyspeptic cashier to whom we offered it as legal tender. "Got your shin-plasters in the engraver's hands yet, sir?" inquired we, blandulously, as that grim person hesitated over a handful of nickels. As there was no reply to our kind inquiry, we repeated it in several forms, each excelling the other in neat and unnecessary epigram. The silence that pervaded the food-bank over which the grim cashier presided appeared suddenly to resolve itself into chaos, over which the G. C. glared at us with a cannibalistic scowl; so that we were very glad, indeed, to get away from the melancholy arrangement, and out into the fresh air of the dirty alley again.

There are fat fellows dwelling in fancy-fronted houses, far away up-town, and in the fashionable avenues, who give private concerts every night to other obese buffers of equally selfish proclivities, the music at which consists of breeches-pocket variations upon the jingle of coin. A *fantasia* upon fifty-cent pieces, with a half-eagle *obligato*, sends off these old apoplecticusses into numismatic raptures, while decenter folks haven't as much as a cent to jingle upon a tomb-stone by way of staving off the blue-devils. Never mind, good people destitute of the coin. The blue-devil is transitory and manageable; but there is an old black fellow of the breed—the Original Jacobs, so to say, of fiendom—who is just now sharpening his claws with a red-hot horsehoof rasp for a dig at the selfish, narrow-minded, illiberal, malevolent, diabolical, fell, ruthless, unmitigated, mordacious skin-flints who are now nipping the community by the calf of the leg.

Let him rip!

For Dabblers in the Dead Languages Only.

THE *London Times*, in its late hysterical tribute to BEN WOOD, the "gentleman and scholar," has given a bad black eye to the Latin proverb, which lays down that "*Non ex quovis Ligno fit Mercurius.*"

Bullets *versus* Type.

IF General FREMONT had been as severe in his Attacks as his newspaper friends are in his Defence, he would have held the Department of Western Virginia longer.

Have we Cannibals among Us?

THE above query is provoked by an article in HALL'S *Journal of Health*, commencing with this dreadful assertion:

"Some persons eat themselves to death."

To moralize on the above would be an affront to the intellect of the Nineteenth Century.

A Case for Investigation.

IT is stated in literary circles that Mr. CHARLES MACKAY is about to publish in London a work entitled "The Gouty Philosopher."

Can it be possible that the forthcoming volume is a plagiarism from BRILLAT SAVARIN'S "*Philosophie du Goût*"?

"Stonewall" Jackson.

IN view of the facility with which this famous Rebel moves himself from field to field, it is suggested that his *sobriquet* be changed from "Stonewall" to "*Portable-Fence*" JACKSON.

Good, with the Hot Work before Us.

A GENERAL Draft all round.

Con.: By a Pupil of the Champion.

WHY would General MCCLELLAN make a No. 1 boxer?

Because he has just shown that he is a splendid manœuverer with his "left."

State of the Weather, at Present.

No Small Change.

HINTS FOR THE TIMES.

A CURRENT "dry-goods" advertisement, by a firm which has lately changed its name, pours into the reader's mind a perfect deluge of practical wisdom, the knowledge of which, we readily see, must tend greatly to the advantage of the principal parties concerned—whom we take to be the advertisers—and the world in general. New Firm & Co. are at present selling "more than double what they were before," owing to a recent "change," in consequence of which "none but working men and men of talent" can be found in the firm. This we regard as the tallest kind of hint to several respectable old Firms of our acquaintance, in which this description, or these descriptions, of men, do not seem absurd; for, as New Firm & Co. justly remark, it makes "expenses light and sales free"—two very "big things" in these times. N. F. & Co. announce, as the result of their experience, that the best system to "make customers and keep them" is the small profit, good value, and quick-sale system." This system we accordingly recommend to Old Firms in general—as it is apparent enough that with plenty of the *third* ingredient, the other two could be stood for any length of time—at least by the public.

N. F. & Co. look upon their former selves with so much complacent pride, and even contempt, that they are "happy to announce" that at no time during the existence of the Old Firm did they have half so good a stock as they now possess; indeed, it may perhaps be doubted whether the old stock was worth the least attention from anybody. So that it makes firms not only more successful to infuse into them an element of muscle and talent, but more honest and trustworthy.

N. F. & Co. now do a strictly cash business. "A cash and credit business cannot be done successfully together," say N. F. & Co. "Prices are too apt to get mixed." This we regard as a settler on the point involved. It is amusing, say N. F. & Co., to see Old Firms making convulsive efforts to get into a cash trade; and some "really think they *are* in;" but they are not. They may be, however, by strictly observing the following directions, to wit:—

"You must be bred up to the business, and understand it thoroughly, know how to buy cheap, and then you must have the courage to sell cheap; *live in town; help to do your own work;* thereby keeping down expenses, and never think of importing any goods."

This is undoubtedly true. Why, then, we ask, will not Old Firms see it? What say New Firm & Co., in conclusion?—"Small profits and prices alike to all, whether judges or not, give confidence." We should rather think they did.

Merchants—Old Firms—will you take these hints, advanced with all the modesty and diffidence so characteristic of the self-made man?

A Melancholy Sally.

I CANNOT Coin-cide with you," as the haberdasher said when the customer asked him to give specie instead of shin-plasters in change.

SONG OF THE SUTLERS

STAMPEDED FROM FORT MONROE BY GENERAL DIX'S ORDER.

AIR—"Fly away, Pretty Moth."

'Tis all up with our glorious trade
That the "green-backs" rolled in every day,
So we'll gather the "swag" we've so cunningly made,
And vamose from the Fort right away.
No more getting tight
For the soldiers at night;
After "taps" no more moistening their clay;
There's an end of their fun,
For that Son of a Gun,
General DIX, sends us over the bay.

But we'll rattle our gains as we roam;
Turning "rot-gut" to gold's pretty play.
What though children and wives may have famished at home?
Jolly sutlers' despise such as they!
More than fell in the fight
We have half-killed, or quite,
With the fire-drink that cheers to betray;
But for that we shan't cry
If *they* wanted the "rye,"
'Twas *our business* to make the thing pay.

Full three hundred per cent on our wares
We have bagged on the huckstering "lay;"
We have sold damaged goods for the best—but who cares?
Green recruits are our natural prey.
When we swore black was white
They believed, and would write
Out the orders to draw on their pay;
E'en when vexed they were dumb—
We could cut off their *rum*,
So the devil a word dare they say.

Some may look on this beautiful war
As a strife against anarchy's sway,
But to us 'tis a harvest, and thankful we are
For each blunder that lengthens the fray.
And though DIX out of spite
Puts each sutler to flight,
Shall we yield to despondency, say?
No, with pockets well lined
We'll seek leaders more kind,
And on plunder grow fat while we may!

MAKING LOVE BY ADVERTISEMENT.

UNDER the pressure of the late hot weather the tender passion seems to have reached the boiling point in the veins of the ladies and gentlemen who make love in public through the newspapers. The "Matrimonial" and "Personal" columns of that Platonic and Vestalic sheet, the *Herald*, teem with the chaste effusions of the Petrarchs and Lauras, the Abélards and Heloises, who ventilate their extra caloric through the advertising department of that pure and wholesome family paper. Seldom has the eye of Sentiment, in a fine frenzy rolling, lighted on any thing more eloquent than the following morceau, contributed by one "Los Vigos" to that admirable exponent of the softer feelings of our nature:

"WOULD the Sweet Daughter yet have Los Vigos happy, without the previously stated provision? This cheering hope has, during the intervening time, made buoya t his spirits and strung anew the harp-strings of his heart, and they long to vibrate to a gentle touch, and pulsate in harmony to a sweeter life within the Eden of a happy love."

If the "Sweet Daughter" didn't respond to the above by playing "Haste to the Wedding" on the internal catgut newly tuned for her accommodation, she ought to have her name changed, and to be called henceforward "Daughter of Marah."

Another victim of thermometrical excitement indulges in the subjoined soul-burst:

"WANTED—by the subscriber, a lady in whose bosom throbs a patriotic pulse to the transport alone of liberty, who is willing to share the glory already won on many a hard-fought field, in the defence of right and justice. The early part of my life was passed under the fostering care of a tender mother; since then I have not known the joy of home. Wearied of the loneliness of single life, I am very desirous of taking to my heart a companion for life. If any of the fair readers of this are willing to enter into a matrimonial contract, they will please express their willingness by inclosing a carte de visite, in a letter, expressing their terms." * * * *

The first sentence of "The Subscriber" is not so clear as it might be. Does he want a creature in the Joan-of-Arc line, willing to put in the big licks, with sword and bayonet, on the battle-field, as well as to do the rose-and-myrtle business? The fact that he was "brought up by a mother" is a great point in his favor, though his allusion to it gives rather a pappy flavor to his advertisement. The peroration of the appeal is so excessively shoppish as to induce a suspicion that the author, notwithstanding his flourish about "many a hard-fought field," is a discharged counter-skipper.

One of the species of Syrens against whom that Chesterfield of humble life, the elder WELLER, warned his son and heir, addresses middle-aged manhood thus:

"MATRIMONIAL.—A young Widow Lady, very pleasantly situated, would like to form the acquaintance of a gentleman not less than forty years of age; must have some ready means. Address, * * * * "

As far as the semicolon, the "young widow lady" talks agreeably; but the "must have some ready means" leads to the suspicion that all she means is to secure "the ready." Can beings so fascinating be so mercenary?

A hero with a vacancy in his heart lays our anchor to windward on this wise:

"A YOUNG OFFICER in the United States Regular Service wishes to correspond with some young lady, with a view to matrimony after the war is over. None but true Union ladies need answer this, and preference will be given to those inclosing their cartes de visite as evidence of their sincerity. Address, * * * * Norfolk, Va."

Judging from the manner in which the war is at present conducted, the lady might have to wait till her hair was gray for the consummation of the bargain.

Here is a gentleman who expects to travel into the affections of the sex on his "heighth," evidently considering the *juste milieu* in altitude the main consideration with young women inclined to wed:

"A GENTLEMAN of medium heighth would be happy to correspond with a lady of some beauty, refinement of manners, taste and fortune, with a view, if agreeable hereafter, to matrimony. Address, * * * * "

It is noticeable that a large majority of the turtle-doves who seek to make a matrimonial *coup* through the press, require partners who can bring some golden lining to the nuptial nest. Money is the suit of nine tenths of the advertising suitors.

THE TWO NETS.

THE Rebel guile to this doth get,
That they within their swamps would chain us,
And hauling close their Bayou-net,
In marsh malarious retain us:

But we our craft consider yet
As good as theirs—ay better, truer,
And driving close with Bayo-net
Unto the "last ditch" them will skewer.

TO COUNTRY EDITORS.

IN consequence of the unprecedented popularity just now enjoyed by any unusual or remarkable statement concerning the Rebel General, "STONEWALL" JACKSON, we have made arrangements to supply the country press with new and original anecdotes of the famous marauder, warranted never before published. Send for our catalogue. Anecdotes from 50 cts. to $3, according to quality. Read the following samples, and send in your orders at once:

CLASS I. (50 cts.)—The notorious guerrilla chieftain of the Rebels, General JACKSON, wears a beard of such dimensions that he is obliged to tie it around his knees before going into action. His hair is also so long that it trails on the ground as he sits on horseback. This is because of a vow made by him to touch neither razor nor scissors till the Yankees are driven from the South.

CLASS II. ($1.)—"Stonewall" JACKSON is the most remarkable man in the Rebel Army. He is a natural cousin to WENDELL PHILLIPS, and used to dance at the Old Park Theatre in this city. He always goes into action disguised as a howitzer, and though very popular with his men, treats them with brutal ferocity. His manners are terse and invidious, and he is worshipped by his wife, a blooming girl from the Indiana sea-coast. At the battle of Winchester, when driven from the shelter of the stone-wall whence he takes his nickname, he cast his eyes gloomily around the horizon, and murmured, "Would that night or Captain HUGGINS would come!" Such is the doughty Rebel commander, the terror of Western Virginia.

CLASS III. ($1.50.)—STONEWALL JACKSON.—He is idolized by his soldiers, and wherever they see his glittering helmet with its long snowy plume, they rush in where angels fear to tread. He rides a wild Arab of the desert, and *à merveille*. While at the swiftest run, he stoops to the ground and picks up a pin with his teeth. Nothing can stand before him. By birth, he is a resident of Virginia, but his father was a Croat, and his mother a Bosesman. He graduated at the free school of Riceville, N. J., in 1849, and has two children. After a battle, he arrests and punishes every soldier who has not a wound, fatal or otherwise. He dresses with barbaric splendor, is temperate, and formerly passed the summer at Long Branch. The Rebellion can never be suppressed until this extraordinary man is killed or captured.

CLASS IV. ($2.)—General JACKSON dresses in a private's uniform, as much torn and worn as the meanest soldier's. At battles he never is seated on a horse, but invariably stands with a musket, or among the soldiers. It is impossible for sharpshooters to pick him off, for this reason. He is greatly feared, but very popular with his men. For miles along the road the rebel soldiers were importuned by the civilians along the route to show them STONEWALL JACKSON. They seem to have a perfect reverence for him, and would willingly risk their lives to do do him the slightest service. JACKSON never allows his soldiers to inquire the name of any town or village when passing through on a march; and he has been known to deal most summarily with several soldiers and officers who have disobeyed his orders in this respect. [This anecdote, considered very fine, was purchased by the *Daily Times*, and appeared in its issue of July 2d.]

CLASS V. ($2.50.)—An extraordinary delusion has just been exploded by General MCCLELLAN'S late movements. It is now known, positively, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is no such person as "Stonewall" JACKSON. The General JACKSON referred to so frequently, has been dead many years. His given name was ANDREW, and he served at New-Orleans with much distinction. The person who did so much mischief in Western Virginia, lately, was not any General JACKSON, Stonewall, or otherwise, but General FREMONT.

CLASS VI. ($3, suitable for army correspondence.)—As for old "Stonewall" JACKSON, he is undoubtedly eccentric. The writer has often seen him, both at home and abroad. Hospitable but bilious, he likes to have things his own way, and suffers greatly from a bunion, caused by constant exercise in the saddle. He is supposed to be very old; probably not less than eighty-seven; and looks much older. He hates the North sparingly, and is deeply religious. The writer remembers hearing him say, once, that he never really felt insulted, save on one occasion, when a stranger mistook him for OWEN P. LOVEJOY A little incident of the retreat to Front Royal, told by an eye-witness, testifies to JACKSON'S native *esprit*. The General and an aid stopped at a farm-house, where a woman was pressing the whey from some curd-cheeses. The officers began to dispose of these edibles, when a colonel came along and warned them that the Union boys were close upon them. "Good Heaven!" cried the aid, "what are you going to do, General?"

"Do?" replied old STONEWALL." "'Gad, sir, first I'm going to Bolt a Curd, and then I'm going to Bolt a-whey!"

It is needless to say he escaped in safety.

ABOUT THE FRENCH PRINCES.

NOW that these royal gentlemen have left our shores, speculation is busy as to why they came here, why they went away what their movements have to do in the way of shadowing coming events, and whether they intend returning to see the fight out.

Opinions upon these question are checkered. One authority supposes that the uncle of our late guests, the Duke de MONTPENSIER, indulges in dreams of Mexico, and wants all his nephews, cousins, brothers-in-law, and kinsfolk, ever so far removed, to aid in shoving him up the imaginary steps that lead to the imperceptible throne of that beleaguered country. As this would be a light and easy, if not lucrative employment, we have no doubt that the Comte de PARIS and Duc de CHARTRES are very glad to get the chance of going in at it for a spell. When they get tired of it, which will be immediately, they will probably return to their allegiance to General MCCLELLAN and the Army of the Potomac.

Another authority, who professes to be intimately acquainted with the Prince de JOINVILLE and royal etiquette, insists that the latter-named personage has ordered his royal nephews back to Europe, on account of a lurking suspicion that they are about to form a matrimonial alliance with two young Indian princesses of the Kennebunk tribe, with whom they became acquainted while on a fishing excursion to the coast of Labrador. These young copper-headed princesses are represented as beautiful, accomplished, fascinating and rich, like all the inhabitants of Labrador. One of them is witty—the other not. The witty one is reported to have smitten the Comte de PARIS by saying that she would like him for her bow, at the same time handing him that weapon to bend for her. The one who is not witty fascinated the Duc de CHARTRES for that reason. He has been sated with the brilliant Sallies of the White House, and looks for repose. The principal objection, according to our authority, urged by the Prince de JOINVILLE against the matrimonial arrangement contemplated by his nephews, is that the Kennebunk tribe of Indians is opposed to the idea of establishing a throne in Mexico, as it might disturb their relations with the Hudson's Bay Company, by which power their relations are mostly employed as dog-drivers. This might further lead to a rupture between the dog-drivers, and then everybody implicated would go to the dogs.

The Boston *Transcript* has the following charming reminiscence of the last day spent by the princely visitors on this hemisphere:

"THE FRENCH ROYAL PARTY.—Prince de JOINVILLE and his nephews, the Comte de PARIS and Duc de CHARTRES, spent some time this morning, before going on board the steamer, in Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS'S bookstore. They smoked their cigars and chatted for half an hour in the most jolly and amiable manner, the young Comte de PARIS seeming specially to enjoy the prospect of a trip across the ocean this hot weather. He wore an old black slouched hat, which he took infinite pains, by frequent punches in the crown, to render as unkingly as possible. The Prince, who is very deaf, looked in excellent trim, and expressed much satisfaction in revisiting Boston, even for so brief a period."

That the royal party displayed a manner characterized by the adjective "jolly," is of course readily accounted for by the subsequent assertion that the young Comte de PARIS had "frequent punches in the crown of his hat." From the amiable disposition universally attributed to that young Prince, it is but fair to assume that he is not a solitary drunkard, but that he shared his crown, and the punches in it, with his royal relations. We are not in the least surprised at the assertion made by the *Transcript* that the Prince de JOINVILLE was "very deaf" on the interesting occasion of his departure from our shores. The New-Englanders are proverbially an inquisitive people. The Prince is an old bird, and understands a dodge or two about getting to windward when chaff is blowing.

Our own reminiscence of the departure of these kingly cavaliers is spicy. Their visit to our editorial studio will ever be marked by us with a bushel of white beans. As we now inhale the ethereal fragrance of one of the twenty thousand fifteen-cent Figaro cigars kindly pressed by them upon us as a testimonial for never having puffed them, the hour and the men recur to us. But hold, friendship is a sacred thing. We must not jibber.

This is very sad, but it is Life.